

## The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1862.

### CHARACTER IS POWER.

THE prophet Samuel is a striking illustration of this statement. His position in old age was surrounded with many and peculiar difficulties. A perverse people and wayward sons severely tried him. Yet he could stand before the assembled multitude of complainers, and extort the confession, — "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hands." This gave him power to reprove them with effect. His character alone, under the divine blessing, stayed for many years the tide of rebellion in a nation bent upon this sin of witchcraft.

Joshua is another fine example of the power of character. As Samuel did subsequently, he stood forth in old age, in the strength of a long life of unswerving integrity, a barrier for the time of the Jewish infidelity. Joshua and Samuel are two of the purest characters on the pages of the Inspired Record, and are among the most influential at the close of life. And it is remarkable that they are not presented to us as among the most distinguished for natural ability. Joshua's military career is not marked with the personal prowess of Joab or David, nor has Samuel's executive character the genius of Solomon, nor his prophetic inspiration the loftiness of Isaiah. Their moral power was more effective and enduring than genius, learning, or eloquence.

Among modern divines, there is no nobler example of the truth we are enforcing, than John Wesley. The great age to which he lived afforded advantageous development to this element of power in him. He lived to command, by a character too pure to be assailed successfully by the breath of slander, the homage of all classes of men, and the respect of even his enemies. Though John Wesley had genius and learning, he owes his wonderful posthumous influence more to his goodness than to both.

Among statesmen, Washington is pre-eminent for might of character. In the distinguished circle of his contemporaries there were men of greater endowments, but in none were all the qualities of a sound mind so welded into a compact whole by an elevated and never faltering virtue. Consequently, both during life and in history, the little finger of his influence is thicker than the loins of them all.

Nowhere is this power more indispensable than in the church and in its specific work of extending the kingdom of Christ. Here there must be goodness in its highest form. While every natu-

ral and acquired ability can be used to great advantage, the character of Christ, the one of the greatest power the world ever knew, must be exhibited in the instruments appointed to this work.

Now let it be remembered that this holy and mighty character is within the reach of all; at any rate, the power of which we speak may be attained by all to whom time is given for their holiness to be appreciated. It must be gained by a speaking life; and happy are they who, like Samuel, listen to the voice of God in childhood, and *never disobey it*. To such, above others, will reverence be paid, and by them the mouth of gainsayers be stopped.

What a motive is here to "hold the beginning of confidence steadfast unto the end." The wavering not only lose peace of heart, but an influence for good never to be regained.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

### TAKE TIME.

TAKE time for your religious duties.

Go into your closet, and shut the door. Say to the cares of life and the busy world, "Enter not here." Do not hurry through your audience with the King of kings. It is not respectful. You would not go into the presence of an earthly monarch, and hasten away, as if the intercourse were a burden. You have much that you *need* to say to God in secret; though you go often before him, your wants are ever pressing and ever multiplying. Besides, you should feel it to be a pleasure to be there. What! not want to stay in familiar private communion with your "Father which is in heaven!" Has the world which you have just left more attractions? Have you an earthly friend back to whose society you prefer to hasten? or, does the common excuse find acceptance with your heart, — that you have no time for other than brief interviews with God in your closet? Have you found that your business interest even has been furthered by thus robbing God? You know, certainly, that hurried private devotions are devotions only in form. None of the unutterably sweet fellowship of soul with Jesus, that you might otherwise enjoy, attends them. Take time for secret prayer.

Neither should we hurry the sacred exercises of the family altar. True, a service here drawn out by much reading of the Scriptures and a lengthy prayer, especially if this is done in a formal spirit, may repel rather than attract the members of the household. But, to avoid this evil, the duty need not be performed as if it were a task to be dismissed in the briefest possible time. If the

head of the family has no heart for it, he should obtain it elsewhere, by penitent confessions and earnest supplications. If the duty is worthy attention at all, it is worth a deliberate, solemn attention, such as shall give it dignity and importance in the eyes of children, while the spirituality with which it is performed shall give it an attractive interest.

And now, while our pen is in the ink, we have a thought or two to express relating to this subject, concerning the public service of the house of God. The demand for short sermons has become a clamor; the attendant exercises, at least the Scripture lessons and the prayers, must be turned off rapidly. To one busily employed outside of the house of God, its ordinary Sabbath service can seem only long enough to begin an unimportant worldly transaction. By whose influence has this treatment of God's public worship been brought about? Who demands it? Not the working members of the church, who are present at every public and social meeting of the whole day, including the morning prayer-meeting and the Sunday school. It comes, we believe, generally from those who attend divine service Sabbath mornings only, and who spend the afternoons in sleeping away the drowsy effects of luxurious dinners. The earnest Christian is not so soon tired of the place where God's honor dwelleth. He finds it good to be there. Let us take time for the worship of God.

## CABINET.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

*Matt. vi. 9-13.*

THE Lord's Prayer stands opposed to ostentation in prayer. We are not to pray to be seen or heard of men.

It stands opposed, too, to "vain repetition." We must be careful that we do not lose sight of the true object of our petition in the music of words, or a parade of speech.

The Lord's Prayer has been universally admitted to be wonderful for its simplicity. The words are simple, and the whole form of utterance easy to be understood. The unlearned need not mistake its meaning. "Fools" in the wisdom of this world need not err here.

Though simple, this prayer is full of meaning. Let the devout reader again, though he has done so many thousands of times, run his eye over it. Every sentence, and even the parts of sentences, are weighty with divine truth.

Again. This prayer is strikingly direct in its statement. It asserts great truths in a manner of utterance shorn of all circumlocution.

"Our Father!" How simple, weighty, and direct! "Our Father," the whole world may say, for they are his offspring by creation. "Our

Father," believers in Christ may say, "for he hath begotten us unto himself by his Spirit, through faith in his death."

Notice how this prayer holds the petitioner's attention and thoughts first and mainly upon God; "which art in heaven," reminding us that exalted being and happiness surround him. He is not so much on earth, spiritually and in sublime manifestations, as "in heaven."

"Hallowed be thy name," — in our words, thoughts, and actions. Everywhere and always we are to remember that God's "name" — his being — is holy.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Still our thoughts are held upon God. The first feeling of our hearts, after the deep conviction of our relation to him and of his holiness, is that of a desire that his kingdom may come and his will may be done, — his kingdom of grace in our hearts, and his kingdom of gospel agency and power. "Thy will be done." What words are these! The will of God, not my will, be done wholly! Be done now! What a "temple of God" is that heart in which this prayer is answered! What a world this would be if God's kingdom were come and his will done!

"Give us this day our daily bread." Here our thoughts are for the first time, in the petition, turned to ourselves, in connection with God. He is our Father, and we may expect daily bread from him.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Here our sinfulness is assumed, and we are directed to God for forgiveness, and shown the spirit in which we are to ask it, namely, in a spirit of forgiveness towards our fellow-men. By implication we are taught to expect of God forgiveness only as we have love in our hearts even for our enemies.

"Lead us not into temptation." "We are to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations," — trials, — but are to pray that God may so restrain our waywardness that we may not give occasion for that severity of trial by God which may endanger our steadfastness. But we are directed to pray, —

"Deliver us from evil," — from all the evil to which our necessary disciplinary trials may expose us. Every trial, whether by riches or poverty, by health or sickness, "by honor or dishonor," has its evil tendency from our corrupt nature. How necessary then for us to pray always, in every condition, — Deliver us, O Lord, from evil.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Again our minds are taken off from ourselves, and called back to God. "The kingdom" of grace in earth and heaven, in each heart throughout the world and all ages, is his. Its "glory" is his. The power to sustain, forgive, purify, — all power is his forever. "Amen."

When we have our eye of faith upon God in our prayers, we best understand ourselves and



best know our wants. So in this divine formula we are taught to begin and end with *God*.

Do we use the Lord's Prayer enough in our private supplications — in our pulpits?

"Lord, teach us how to pray!"

#### DIOTREPHES.

"I wrote unto the church; but Diotrophes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not." — 3 John 9.

Diotrophes loved to have the pre-eminence, and in so doing violated a fundamental principle of the gospel. Christ had said that when we are bidden to a feast we should take the "lowest place;" and added, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (Luke xiv. 11); and he set his disciples an example of condescending service to each other when he washed their feet. Peter, who did not at the time understand this significant act, afterwards wrote to the Christian church saying, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility."

Loving the pre-eminence! What mischief it hath wrought in the world! It has overthrown kingdoms. It has made the earth a battle-field, exciting wicked and bloody rebellion against the righteous laws of God and man. It has first divided, and then ruined, many a flourishing church, and embittered many an otherwise happy family. It has sunk souls into hell.

If the members of this disreputable Diotrophesian family cannot be kept out of the unsanctified arena of politics, all who love Christ's kingdom should pray that they may be denied admission to the church.

Beloved, let our motto be — "In honor, preferring one another."

#### A CHURCH AND NEIGHBORHOOD QUARREL PREVENTED.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." — Rom. xiii. 10.

Two friends of ours, members of the same church and neighbors, had a serious misunderstanding. One of the parties waxed very warm about it, and his friends became excited in his behalf. As their pastor, we became very solicitous. The danger was imminent of one of the greatest of calamities — a church quarrel. Our fears were allayed, however, a short time after, by seeing the two brethren walking arm in arm together, in loving familiarity. Again they were seen at the prayer-meeting, and knelt and prayed side by side. On meeting our excited friend, we asked him if there was a perfect reconciliation.

"Yes," said he, "perfect. We are the best and firmest of friends."

"How has it happened?" we inquired earnestly.

"O," he replied, while the tear moistened his eye, "he loved the anger out of me."

#### THE WORK OF FAITH A CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.

"We give thanks to God, remembering your work of faith." — 1 Thess. i. 3.

Dr. Judson labored on his mission station six years, and saw no conversion. Being asked what evidence he had of ultimate success, he answered, "As much as that there is a God who will fulfil his promises." Thirty-one years after, seventy churches had been formed in his field of labor, having in the aggregate seven thousand members.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

##### BEING A SOLDIER.

THE sun had gone down in the west leaving a few golden and purple clouds floating in the clear blue sky, and the twilight had begun to deepen into darkness, until Mrs. Horton could hardly see to sew by the western window where she sat. Charley came in from his play, and threw himself down on the corner of the sofa, by the side of his mother, and began to tell her what a nice time he and the other boys had had, drilling out on the Common. "Playing soldier," was all the boys thought of in those days, and Charley grew very patriotic as he told of all the feats the "Union Guards," as they called their company, had performed that afternoon.

"O, mother!" said he, starting up from his seat, while his eyes sparkled like the stars that began to look down from the sky, "how I wish I was a man, and could be a real soldier, like cousin George!"

"Why, Charley?" said his mother, smiling at her little boy's excitement.

"O, because it would be so grand. And then, just think, what mean people those rebels are, to fight against such a good government, and make so much trouble! I heard father and Uncle Will talking all about it after dinner to-day. They ought to be punished, and I do wish I was a man to help do it."

"Are you sure you are not a rebel, too, Charley?" said Mrs. Horton.

"I! Why, mother! Of course I'm not," answered Charley, very much astonished to hear his mother talk so.

"Have we not all rebelled, my son, against God and his laws? And we are as much more to blame than those you are so angry with, as God's government is higher and better than that of man. If God should punish us as we deserve for our disobedience, would it not be perfectly just and right?"

"O, I did not think you meant that," said Charley, and then the tears sprang to his eyes as he said, "But, mother, I do try to do right, only it is so hard."

"God is always ready to help us, Charley, if

we only ask him; and remember, too, when you are wishing to be a man that you may fight for your country, that even little boys can be soldiers of the cross, and it is nobler to conquer our own sinful hearts than to fight against our fellow-beings."

Charley did remember, and that night, before he went to sleep, he prayed that he might become a true and faithful soldier for Christ, and I think he will, for such prayers are answered.

#### THE SABBATH EVENING PRAYER.

She knelt at her bedside, at twilight so fair,  
While the sunset made golden the curls of her hair.

Her white, dimpled hands she folded together,  
And close at her side sat her fond, loving mother.  
She knelt at her bedside, to say the same prayer  
She oft had repeated with reverent air;  
And vials were waiting, and angels were there,  
The first breath of incense upward to bear!  
The mother in silence was lifting her heart  
To Him whose favor alone can impart  
The wisdom and grace so needed by all  
To prepare for his home when the angel shall call.

But while she was praying the Father to bless  
The child she so loved,—"Did you see Kitty's dress?"

Was the question she asked as she rose from her knees!

"Has my little daughter no thoughts but these?"  
And sad was her heart, and tearful her eyes,  
To hear tones so earthly in heavenly guise.

Ah! angels on missions of mercy each day  
May write against many a one kneeling to pray,—

Thoughts roving about on things trifling and seen,

While closed are the eyes and prayerful the mien,

As far from true worship, if they would but confess,

As the child's Sabbath thought, "Did you see Kitty's dress?" — *Tract Journal.*

#### EDITOR'S DRAWER.

##### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A CONGREGATIONAL minister writes:—

"Please say, I have a firm persuasion of the truth of the doctrine of entire sanctification, through faith, in the present life,—that I have given myself to this subject, and gladly cast in my lot with them who believe it and act in accordance with it,—that in this faith I have found

liberty and rest. So I speak in private, and so I preach. I do not wish to obtrude myself upon my brethren, but only to take the opportunity of honoring the Lord by declaring what he hath done for a soul that has done nothing for itself except to renounce itself and simply trust in him."

#### THE GUIDE AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

A sister, who has been for many years a subscriber for the *Guide*, sent us ten dollars, to be invested in back numbers to be distributed gratuitously among the soldiers of the army. The following extract will exhibit, in part, the good fruits of our friend's liberality:—

"CAMP PIERPONT, Jan. 8, 1862.

"DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:

"Those magazines came to hand in due time, and I was repaid for my trouble, tenfold, to see how eagerly the soldiers sought the *Guide*, and what real interest they manifested in the perusal of its pages. Some read their numbers, then come to me asking permission to send them to some particular friend, either at home or in some other part of the army, and I invariably grant permission to such to do so; while others, having read theirs, bring them to me, and I give another in exchange,—thus establishing a kind of circulating library. I could distribute many more, but we are all very thankful for what we have already received."

#### CANNOT BE DEPRIVED OF THAT WHICH PROMOTES PIETY.

A friend writes:—

"In these times of financial distress, some, I presume, do not renew their subscriptions; but I cannot afford to be deprived of its monthly visits, for it has not been without its beneficial effects upon myself and family; and if I am to be deprived of anything, let it not be that which promotes piety of heart. May the good Lord bless and prosper you in your work and labor of love, is my sincere prayer."

Another says:—

"Enclosed I send you \$1.00, in payment for the *Guide* the current year. An orphan, dependant on my own exertions for support, I have long hesitated to spare even this trifling sum, under the pressure of the hard times, but have concluded to put my trust in the God of the fatherless, and, whatever the result, to begin none of my economical practices at the altar of the Lord. I feel that the *Guide* is doing a great and glorious work; may it still go forward in its holy mission, scattering truth and light, and leading many into the knowledge of that higher life which it has so long proclaimed as the believer's privilege and inheritance."



# BEYOND THE RIVER.

A. HULL.

1. Beyond life's ra - ging fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream,  
Beyond death's surging riv - er, Be - yond that sul - len stream ;

2. Beyond this land of sigh - ing, Where countless tears are shed,  
Beyond the sick and dy - ing, Be - yond the mouldering dead ;

The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;

The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;

Oh ! Pilgrim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

Oh ! Pilgrim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

3.  
Beyond this scene of trial  
Where heart and flesh do fail ;  
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,  
Beyond the gloomy vale ;  
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

4.  
Beyond the thought of grieving  
A kind and gracious God ;

Beyond the fear of sinning,  
Beyond the chast'ning rod ;  
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

5.  
Beyond Earth's weary burden,  
The cross, the scourge, the rod ;  
The saint shall dwell in glory,  
The saint shall dwell with God.  
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

## HOPE.

## A SERMON.

"And be ready, always, to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." — 1 Pet. iii. 15.

THIS language implies that a Christian will be inquired of more or less frequently in regard to his spiritual condition — a very important matter in its way. The practice of frequent inquiries among Christians after each other's spiritual health with the view to aid each other in working out our salvation, is at once a good indication of prosperity in a church, and a powerful means of promoting it. Christians, in common with others, esteem it a matter of courtesy to repeat, as often as they meet with a friend, some inquiry as to the physical health of the said friend; and the response is commonly suffixed with a "thank you," indicating that the inquiry is regarded by the latter as a proof of affectionate solicitude. Why, then, is the custom so rare, so nearly extinct in many places, of conversing frequently and freely on the subject of personal salvation? Surely, the soul's health is, by a vast difference, more important than that of the body; and why should not our conversation often turn the thought upon an earnest examination of its present tone? Religion — salvation — present, personal salvation, ought to be a familiar topic often discussed in all our Christian homes. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, should converse frequently, and fully, and affectionately, upon spiritual things, and the soul's progress. Church members, especially the members of the same society, ought to cultivate this affectionate religious acquaintance with each other with much more diligence than is usually exhibited.

Our members backslide before we know it, in many places, and one great reason for it is this lack of *religion* in our social intercourse. We shut up our piety

in the church, and keep it under lock and key through the week, only as we give it a little airing on class night. Brethren, these things ought not so to be, and I beg of you that hear me, to resolve that it shall not be.

But this prelude is only incidentally connected with the topic of the hour, to which I will now immediately turn, and address myself. I propose that the sermon to-day shall consist of several Bible views of Hope, as an element of Christian experience.

1. Lexicographers define hope as "The union of desire and expectation," or, "The expectation of future good," which is the same thing.

2. Men often talk of their hopes of heaven, using the term in the sense above given. "I don't enjoy religion; I have never been converted, but I hope I shall become a Christian before I die, and finally be saved." Another says, "I have a hope of heaven, for I am confident that the all-merciful God will not exclude any soul of Adam from that blessed state;" while still another tells of conversion long ago, and of the happy weeks and months that followed, when the candle of the Lord shone in his tabernacle. He owns that sad years of backsliding and sin have since succeeded, and that now, he is not living a Christian life at all, but adds that when he hears Christians talk and sing, it arouses a spark that still seems to slumber with a latent life in his soul, and concludes by saying he would not give up the hope he has for worlds, or some other extravagant nonsense, equally remote from fact and truth. The poor backslider, like thousands of his class, mistakes an old, gracious memory for a present fact, and sets down the thrill of joy he feels on being reminded of his Father's house, for a taste of the "bread enough and to spare."

Now, it may be granted that each one of these men speaks truthfully enough about having a hope of heaven, if you



will assume that he uses the term "hope" in its ordinary sense as quoted in the dictionaries; but no one of them has a gospel hope according to the definition of the New Testament.

What, then, is it to have a hope "in you?"

1. Take Paul's definition in these words: "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is *Christ in you, the hope of glory.*"

"*Christ in you!*" That is very strong language, and we shall need to ponder it a little to get its import. The New Testament idea of a saved man is that he is a man "possessed" of God, and so under the control of God, as a man possessed of evil spirits is under the control of the devil. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "If Christ be in you, . . . the spirit is life (alive), because of righteousness." "Know ye not, your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" Here, then, is a very tangible presentation of hope. It is identical with the possession and control of my inner nature by the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead, dwelling in my mortal body. Christ indwelling and inworking is the ever-present fact that constitutes my hope of glory. He that has this, has the mind of Christ, the tempers of Christ, and is impelled by motive forces akin to those which drew the Saviour from the throne to the cross that he might glorify the Father and save the lost. He in whom Christ so dwells, may speak of the hope that is in him.

2. Now let us take another view of hope. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, Paul says, "In whom ye, also, trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom,

also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

"Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit."

The metaphor that constitutes at once the beauty and the force of the passage is of the making of covenants. When important agreements are made between parties, the whole transaction is put in writing, and when one of the parties is a king or a lord, he affixes to the document his seal, the device upon which, in former times, was the image of the king. The idea of the passage seems to be this: "Ye heard the word, the gospel;" the proclamation "of your salvation;" the proclamation of the terms upon which God would receive you, and enter into covenant with you. "Ye trusted." "Ye believed;" comprehensive terms, which set forth all the acts and exercises of the soul, by which it forsakes sin, comes to God, and receives his grace. "Ye were sealed." God wrote the covenant on your hearts, and confirmed it with the seal of the kingdom stamped upon your natures, bearing the King's image. God's seal upon you is God's image in you; the confirmation of the covenant is itself the family likeness of heaven. This is hope; the assurance and certificate of the Almighty wrought upon the soul, attesting at once to yourselves and others your sonship with God, and your heirship to heaven.

3. Another view which the apostle takes of hope is in these words: "Which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession."

"*The earnest of our inheritance.*" Perhaps some of you are not aware of the old use and import of this word "earnest." Let me explain. In covenants of sale and purchase, it is common for men to pay a part of the purchase-money down, to bind the bargain, and secure the due transfer of the property, and the payment of the rest. This part paid down, to bind the bargain, is called in England,

"earnest money," or, briefly, "the earnest." That gives you Paul's idea. The believer covenants with God to do and suffer his will, and to stand in his humble measure, the representative of Christ on earth, till he shall be called hence. God covenants with the believer to sustain him, supply him, comfort him, purify him, and give him the victory, and give him heaven; and then, to bind the bargain, he gives him a portion of the inheritance now in his heart. This is the earnest; a little of heaven in the soul now, to assure you eternal glory in the end. This is hope; not a mere notion or opinion in your head, but a fact of grace in your heart. He has a hope of heaven in him who has already something of heaven in him.

This metaphor of "the earnest" naturally suggests two ideas. *First*, that the *measure* of the soul's future inheritance is foreshadowed and signified to itself by the measure of its present grace; a small present pledge is adequate where but a small future payment is promised; but in proportion as the sum total is great, does the "earnest" naturally become magnified. If you purchase two pieces of property, of very unequal values, for one of which you agree to pay one hundred dollars, and for the other ten thousand dollars, the sums which, in the two cases, would be severally adequate to bind the bargain, would vary with the magnitude of the stipulation. Grace does thus foreshadow glory in the measure of its revealings, and the magnitude of its victories.

The *second* idea suggested by the metaphor is the identity, in nature, of grace and glory. Grace is glory in the bud; glory is grace in the fruit. Hope of heaven is a part of heaven,—the first installment of eternal life. Paul often calls grace, glory; and very properly, for —

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

The kingdom of heaven is within you. The essentials of heaven are in the character. God himself can keep no man out of hell, if hell be in him; and he who dwells in God, and God in him, has only to be denuded of his body, and released from the incidents of probationary sorrow and trial, to find himself "with God eternally shut in."

This doctrine that grace and glory are essentially one is asserted again and again in the Scriptures, and yet it has never had its due weight in the church. Hence, our thoughts forever lodge in the metaphor, and we fail to see in heaven more than a vast golden city with high walls, a beautiful street, a throne, a river, and a tree. Why don't we bethink ourselves that splendor is not bliss, and never will be; and that whatever may be the architectural grandeur of the believer's eternal home, the conditions upon which the infinite munificence of splendor shall thrill him with rapture must all be found in himself? Food can only please a healthy stomach. The eye rejoices in the light; but when the eye is itself diseased, its favorite element becomes a torture, and it turns in agony away to seek a bandage and a dungeon. What has the holy light of God's throne for a polluted soul? Nothing but "the severest part of hell."

But don't misunderstand me in all this. I do not at all question that the future home of the righteous will be an inconceivably glorious abode; nor do I doubt that God intends we shall so understand him to say in his word. Your eternal home will contain whatever of fruition your soul shall be capable of receiving, for God has ordained that fortune shall finally follow character among all beings and in all worlds. Happy homes are made of virtues and not orders of architecture, yet the house of virtue is ever in building, beautiful as holiness, and imperishable as immortality.

4. Let us contemplate hope in another light. In his Epistle to the Hebrews,



Paul says, believers have hope as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. The anchor, from the earliest ages, has been the emblem of hope. You know the nature and use of an anchor. It is a heavy iron instrument with great prongs or flukes, and is designed to be suspended from ships by a cable, that, by taking fast hold of the earth in the bottom of the bay, sound, or river, it may hold the ship to her mooring, so that she shall not drift with the wind nor tide. You have often been impressed with the usefulness and the power of the anchor, when you have seen a ship sitting majestically upon the water, breasting the tide, and quiet in the storm. When you were quite young, and first saw such a thing, you wondered that the wind did not blow the ship away; but when afterward you saw how strong the anchor and the cable that held it were, your wonder ceased. Now, hope is to a Christian what that anchor is to the ship. The anchor holds the ship by taking hold of what is unseen and immovable. All that you see about the ship is in constant commotion,—the tide is moving, the wind is blowing, and the currents, both of wind and water, are perpetually shifting their directions and changing their velocities; but there the ship rides, holding her relations still to the unseen and the immutable. Just so with a Christian. The affections of his nature, like a strong cable, go forth and take hold on the immutable things unseen,—the things of eternity. The storms of life may distress and harass his spirit; but they do not drive him away, for he has hope as an anchor of the soul,—a constant hold upon the unseen and the eternal. Nor will such a man be carried away with every wind of doctrine. God is a satisfying portion to his soul. He has the Comforter, and the graces which he implants are themselves pledges and foretastes and specimens of the coming glory. Why should he go abroad for joys, who has a feast at home?

These men of the anchor are not the men to run after every Lo, here! and Lo, there! nor are they the ones to rush into every new and extravagant fashion, which the world's fops, male or female, may invent.

But the anchor, though a good figure, can only in part set forth hope. Ships do sometimes drag their anchors when the storm is very severe and the bottom is very soft, or the anchor is too light, or the cable is too short. Sometimes the strain is so great that the cable parts, and the vessel is wrecked in that way; and, sometimes, the great fluke of the anchor is broken, and then the ship drifts at the mercy of the waves. But Paul says, we have hope, as an anchor of the soul, both *sure and steadfast*. No failure here. This anchor don't drag, nor break, nor part the cable, but still holds the soul,—

“Howe'er life's various currents flow.”

I knew a very heavy-laden vessel once, which on the approach of a terrible storm cast anchor in the river upon which she was sailing. The storm came down, and the wind blew a hurricane. The anchor held, and the cable held, but the bow of the vessel was drawn under, and she filled and sunk. But the good man's anchor does not hold in the soil below. It is fastened above,—*it entereth into that within the vail*. Ah! that is it; the storms of life always draw a spiritual man

“Nearer my God, to thee; nearer to thee.”

Worldlings cling to the world in their affliction, and often go down in the storm to utter ruin, while even bloody persecutions that have raged against the men of God who “lived obscure,” have only

“Dragged them forth to fame, and chased them up to heaven.”

“The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;  
The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;  
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;  
The troubles that come,  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.”

Such, then, is hope,—not an opinion but

a fact; aye, a series, a constellation, of facts wrought, and now being wrought, in the soul by the Holy Spirit. Christ in you,—dwelling, *walking*, REIGNING in you. The Spirit's seal, the King's image on your soul, the stamp and signature of the Almighty on your nature. The "earnest" of the inheritance; a part of the inheritance in possession; a measure of heaven come down to earth; the anchor holding the soul's celestial land-rope in the storms of time. This is hope, and this is it concerning which Peter says in the text, that we are to be ready, always, to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

5. Finally, my brethren, are we prepared to give an answer touching this matter to-day? *Is hope in us?* Are the facts in us that constitute hope? I bless God to-day, that I believe many of you are able to answer in the affirmative. You have been exercising an honest introspection, while I have been presenting these scripture views, and a voice within responds "all is well." All hail! ye pilgrims to Mount Zion. Blessed are ye, and blessed shall ye be, for God has nothing but blessings for you. Your hope is scriptural, it is immortal, it is full of immortality. Would that I could feel that all you who hear me were thus walking in the light.

Now, before I sit down, let me give you a test from the word of God, and of so simple a character that each of you can easily bring his heart to the standard. St. John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure,"—that is, even as Christ is pure.

Here there is a plain statement that every man who has this hope in him will be an honest, earnest seeker after purity,

—heart purity. Let us not attempt to dodge this point at all. The statement is a plain one. And every one of you before me this day that is really possessed of a gospel hope, is an honest seeker after purity. Don't take offence, I pray you, at my plainness of speech. That will do you no good, but only harm. All this matter of serving God and enjoying religion and getting ready for heaven is a very honest business, and requires you to be entirely sincere and candid with your own heart before God. The statement of St. John, to which I have called your attention, is one of those sayings of the Bible which are based in a philosophy so simple and obvious that even mortals comprehend it. It is a remark, which in the very nature of things, must be true. The man who has come to have a hope of heaven, who really feels, "I am going to heaven," will be likely to find himself instinctively embracing every opportunity to get ready for it.

I knew a man who, for many years, kept talking and talking about going to the West to live. Some of his neighbors had been to Illinois, and came back with wonderful accounts of the cheapness and richness of Western lands, and my friend caught the fever,—*in his head*,—and went to talking. At first, we all supposed that our neighbor would very soon sell out and leave for the West: but, no. The winter passed away and he made no effort to sell, and the spring found him delving as aforetime in the routine of farm labor. And so matters ran on for the year, and for several years. Still our neighbor would wax eloquent over his favorite theme of the West, and often declare, with a huge emphasis, that, for his part, he was going West! But what did it amount to? Simply this, that he became a laughing-stock in the neighborhood; and, "I am going West," a standing phrase for pompous professions, among the young folks.

In later years, I have thought there



were many members of the church, who, in reference to going to heaven, act wonderfully like this man. They talk of going to heaven, and say they are resolved to go. Sometimes they talk right eloquently, and you would think they will certainly go; but, alas! it is all talk. There are no indications that they have forsaken the world, nor that they intend to do so. They will be disciples of Jesus, but never on the terms which he has prescribed. "If any man will come after me, let him *deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.*" Ah! that is too stringent, too hard; and so they turn away, but keep right on talking of going to heaven as eloquently as ever, and seem to fancy that their empty words will bring them there.

But I knew another man who talked of going West. He simply said, "I have made up my mind to go." In a few months he sold his farm, and before the succeeding spring opened, he had parted with all his stock, and grains, and implements, and having converted them all into cash and available obligations, by the first of April he was at his home in Michigan. After he sold out, he had several tempting offers to invest his money where he had lived, but his answer was invariably, "*I am going West.*" No man laughed when Mr. Y. said those words, but all men saw that with him the West was the central idea, so far as business was concerned, and everything must bend to that one purpose. That gives you the idea that underlies St. John's remark,— "He that hath this hope in him;" he that has really made up his mind to go to heaven at any cost; he that has entered into the covenant and obtained his credentials, will make everything bend to the one object of his salvation. Bound for a heaven of purity, he instinctively seeks for purity, and finds a ready answer to every suggestion that would tempt him from his path. "I can't go that way, I am going to heaven."

Many talk of heaven, and many dream of heaven, but he alone "that hath this hope in him," is seen daily traveling thither.

### JOINED TO CHRIST.

'Tis not enough to be  
In hope redeemed, forgiven,  
And struggling weakly, darkly on  
To happiness and heaven.

'Tis not enough to pray  
With a divided heart,  
With which the world has still a power  
To serve the tempter's art.

'Tis not enough to mourn  
O'er many a sinful fall,  
And rise, the bitter truth to learn,  
We are but weakness all.

'Tis not enough to know  
There is a Christ above,  
Throned like a far-off glorious star,  
We may not clasp in love.

But we, poor human hearts,  
In every good so low,  
Cry for a love, a strength so near,  
We feel as well as know.

We crave a faith that brings  
Our Saviour to our side,  
When by our mutual bonds we stand  
Acquitted, justified;—

No more for sin condemned,  
But from its power set free;  
Joined by the truth to Christ, the Life,  
In love's full liberty.

We throw the shackles off  
That bound our souls before;  
We dare accept the offered grace,  
And freely ask for more.

Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother loved me." Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

## WHOLLY THE LORD'S.

" 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!  
 I'm my Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With him of every good possessed."

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,—hid in the clefts of the smitten Rock! Blessed state of conscious security, a prelude to that eternal rest that remains for the Christian,

"When the toils of life are past."

We presume, dear reader, that you have recently entered the "highway of holiness cast up for the redeemed," and can say, in the precious words of Holy Writ, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *me* from all sin." From your heart, full of the love of God, are heard spontaneous songs like the following:—

"The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope do grow."

You are now bound for the land of Canaan, and are safely seated in the bark of perfect love. Your sails are fairly set to catch the gentle breeze; the sea calm and tranquil, the sky clear, and the air salubrious; everything combines to promise you a pleasant and prosperous journey. You dream not of adverse winds to toss your bark to and fro, and thus impede your progress. You expect not even an angry ripple to disturb the calm surface, but that in peace and quiet you will ride onward till you enter the port of endless bliss. Would that you could remain undeceived; but this is impossible. The tempest, sooner or later, will arise, the sky gather darkness, the winds blow, and the sea roar.

We would then, dear reader, at the outset of your religious course, offer some advice that may enable you, by God's

blessing, to sail safely over this tempestuous sea.

You may, my beloved reader, always enjoy your heaven-bought privilege of living free from sin; but there are many things besides sin that will damp your spiritual joy. The first gush of rapturous emotion may subside, or the sacred peace which is more generally enjoyed at the reception of this blessing be deadened, and you not be able to ascertain the cause. Then the enemy may suggest that you have lost the blessing, and by your yielding to the suggestion you would lose it. Errors in judgment you will undoubtedly commit, which are not sins in themselves. Here he will again meet you, "transformed into an angel of light," and accuse you of breaking God's commandments. Debate not with him, but fly to the atoning blood, plunge afresh therein, and you will become "whiter than snow," whether or not his accusations are true.

Another error equally fatal, against which we would warn you, is, that you may remove part of the sacrifice from the altar of consecration. You will at once perceive, however, that God's smiling face is turned from you. You go as before, to the blood that cleanseth, but it appears to have lost its efficacy, for no peace comes to your troubled soul. The altar, you are aware, sanctifieth the gift, and now that part of the sacrifice is removed, the whole cannot be sanctified. The enemy, ever on the alert, is again by your side, and appears now also as an "angel of light." He whispers in your ear that God is just trying your faith, and to prove the assertion quotes Scripture like the following:—"The just shall live by faith;" "Only believe;" "He that walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." This he does to prevent you looking into your heart in order to ascertain if aught has been removed from the altar. You know that you are a child of God,



but are not sweetly happy. Your heart is lifted to heaven while perchance you pensively sing the prayer,—

“Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconciled.”

Still the cloud remains; the only apparent change being that it is becoming darker and thicker.\* Now you propose the query, “What am I to do?” We answer, enter into your closet, determining there to remain, so far as your lawful calling will permit, till the matter be settled between yourself and God. Ask Him to show you what prevents your enjoying that sweet communion with him that you did. Be assured, in due time the idol will be made manifest. Then lay it upon the altar, and thank God that you are undeceived. Be not in haste in leaving this hallowed spot; still tarry, and you will realize the truth of the promise that “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.” Then you will be able to sing, as once, —

“My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest day,  
And comfort of my nights!”

You are safe so long as you keep all upon the altar, though joyous emotion be denied.

It is sufficient if the “Spirit bear witness with your spirit,” that you are “wholly the Lord’s.” Seek a fresh evidence of your acceptance every time you approach the mercy seat.

In order to retain it, you must profess this blessing. The enemy will doubtless suggest that you had better wait and see if you can keep the blessing, or live worthy of making such a profession, lest a stigma be brought on the cause of God in consequence. Your heart may readily acquiesce in this suggestion as the cross appears formidable. But don’t stop to parley with this arch enemy; hesitate not a moment; rise at once when an oppor-

tunity offers, though your feet seem fastened to the floor, and your whole frame convulsed with emotion.

Work for God; be “instant in season and out of season,” that souls may be saved. Discharge every duty. The neglect of one opens the way for the neglect of another, as the commission of one sin prepares the way for the commission of another.

Read the word of God frequently and prayerfully, and not only read it, but meditate upon it. The “deeper you dig, the richer the ore.” Cry with the poet, —

“Unlock the truth, thyself the key,  
Unseal the sacred Book.”

To sum up all, be much in your closet; if remiss here, your progress in the divine life will be but small.

Now let me beseech of you, my beloved reader, to dwell always in the clefts of the smitten Rock. Never give a moment rest without the witness that you are “wholly the Lord’s.”

“Then when on Zion He shall stand,  
And all heaven’s host adore their King,  
You shall be found at his right hand,  
And, free from pain, his glory sing.”

## SUGGESTIONS TO A SEEKER OF PERFECT LOVE.

### LETTER III.

OXFORD, Eng., Dec., 1861.

*My Dear Ellen* : — “The friend of the bridegroom which standeth and heareth him rejoiceth greatly, because of the bridegroom’s voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled.”

And now you want to know what you “ought to do, being afraid you shall not remain faithful.”

In the first place, “Be not afraid, only believe.” You have found fear unprofitable in the past, you will find it so still; therefore silence it by a continuous momentary

trust in Him who "is able to save to the uttermost (for *evermore*) them that come unto God by him, because he *ever* liveth to make intercession for us."

Try to realize the comfort of this perpetual priesthood of Christ. He *ever saves*, because he *ever* intercedes. He intercedes for you every moment. This is a plain statement of the Apostle. In fact, in his capacity of Saviour, he lives for this very purpose. His priestly life up there is his one ceaseless prayer for his people. Then from this thought, that he intercedes for you every moment, you are to draw the other, that he saves you every moment, unless you take yourself out of his keeping.

There are two errors into which Christians are apt to fall—over-carefulness and over-carelessness of walk. The first mentioned is first in experience, and you will probably have to guard against it. I do not mean that you can be too watchful against the approach of evil in any degree; but you may fritter away in small spiritual anxieties the strength which ought to be expended in keeping fast hold of Jesus.

For it is to unclasp this that all the efforts of the adversary are really directed, and if he cannot succeed by temptations to sin, he will try to do so by perplexities about duty. So it is well, I think, not to enter into a multitude of plans for the future, even if they have God's glory as their object, or in any way to take thought for the morrow. Do each moment's work with each moment's grace, and if at any time you find that the grace has not been sufficient for the supposed work, do not fly to the conclusion that you have been unfaithful, as the only explanation the case admits of. There is another which may be the true one, and, if you are living in communion with God, is the true one, namely, that you have over-estimated or mistaken the work.

For there is an inner work, so to speak, within every outward labor and the doing

of God's will, and this may be accomplished in the failure of everything else.

"You are as happy now as before you were miserable." The joy is generally proportioned to the previous sorrow, which in your case was very heavy,—all the heavier for being interwoven with so much earthly trial. But it is often this: the hour of natural affliction is chosen by God for pleading with us in behalf of his forgotten claims to our whole heart. But with you "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth;" therefore, in Him who is your light and your salvation, how greatly may you rejoice!

You know as well as I the means of progress. "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby." This is as applicable to you as it ever was. Indeed, you will now see a fulness of meaning in the word that you never did before, and feed on it in a manner hitherto unknown.

Then prayer — *believing*, by which I do not merely mean the expectation of an answer; but faith's realization of the unseen God as a listening Father, and the Saviour as a present Friend, hearing and speaking to the soul. Let it also be as *prolonged* as you can afford time for. There is much in *waiting* before God, taking his word to himself for light into its meaning and experience of its promises. I think one long time a day spent in devotion is better than three or four short ones, if you cannot manage both; but it may be that the latter will be most practicable for you, — if so, God will adapt his grace to your circumstances.

One means of "holding fast" you had already instinctively practised when you went to class to speak of what God had done for your soul. This, if said in simplicity, always gives strength. Besides, it is labor, — under some circumstances the most painful of labor, — and "labor is life." You will grow stronger by continuing to do this, and to speak of holiness to Christians in whom you can discern any



sign of longing for a higher life, and even sometimes when you cannot. Perhaps no one ever discovered it in you, yet there it has been for years.

Some people will not, seem as if they could not, talk about their deepest feelings. For years I did not, and if I had not in some measure overcome this selfish reserve, you would not have opened your heart to "the only one you have ever spoken to about it;" because, as we have had no intercourse since I was a child, you could not have known I was interested in the subject unless I had *shown* myself so among your friends. And this explains partly one remark in your letter: "How strange our ministers do not preach about this great blessing! I do not remember ever to have heard a sermon about it."

I would hope you have been singularly unfortunate, nevertheless your experience in this respect comes too near a general truth. But it is not all the fault of the ministers. They have no idea,—I do not think they have the least idea of the deep, unspoken longing of the people's heart for instruction in this matter,—people who have a vague desire for some better thing than they enjoy, but know not *how*, nor in many cases *what* to obtain. All this want they never put into words, not even at the quarterly visitation of the classes, when the soul of the minister comes directly into contact with the soul of the people. They state just the surface—the mere common places of their experience, and then wonder that no word of light and comfort suited to their especial case, comes from the pulpit to their hearts. The great secret of the marvellous circulation of recent works on holiness is, that they just meet that dumb soul-yearning.

Dear Ellen, if at no other time, speak your whole experience at the quarterly visitations. It is a wrong done our ministers to keep them in ignorance of the strongest desires and holiest bent of the

heart. Because, if their silence proceed from the worst cause,—lack of interest,—nothing is so likely to quicken them as to find that the people are already quickening; but this, one hopes, is an exceptional case. Generally, I think, it is from a fancied want of sympathy. "But they ought to speak first." Very true, but if they will not, as it is a right thing to be done, let *us do it*. Alas, for the power of the dumb spirit! and often, some young disciple,—perhaps a timid girl,—has to exorcise him at last.

Apropos of all this. Will you let me have my last two letters back, to copy for the "Guide?" I will return them again if you wish. I do send some of my scribblings there, and Mr. — says they ought to go, too. If in God's infinite condescension they have helped you, they may help other seeking souls also. And we have both suffered too much ourselves for want of help, not to give it where we can. Write to me again as often as you wish, and you shall have answers; and do not be under the delusion that the benefit of the correspondence is only, or chiefly, on your side.

Adieu, my dear Ellen. I say the word with a deeper meaning than we ever heard it given under its native sky. Be you in the everlasting keeping of God—the God-man.

Your affectionate friend, E. R.

#### THE BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK.

I TAKE my seat in the lecture room before service begins. There lie upon the pastor's desk the Bible and the hymn book, so suggestive of holy thoughts. The Bible, that priceless treasure! what could we do without it? In sorrow and affliction how it guides and cheers us through the gloom!

I attended a funeral in "fashionable life" in New York this autumn. A hand-

some house, rich furniture, splendid coffin, in which lay the unconscious sleeper, amid roses and rare exotics. The officiating clergyman rose to address the audience, and requested a Bible. The mourners looked aghast. What an omission! There had been no Bible prepared. There was none in the house! All that wealth and art could furnish, but no Bible! So a friend went out in pursuit of one. He ran down the block, asking the loan of a Bible at every door, but could find none, until at last an old dilapidated edition was found. I thought, while the man was gone on this strange errand, what could I do without the Bible? When my Mary lay dead, and I knelt by her side, and held that soft, plump hand in mine for the last time, and poured out my anguish alone with God, what should I have done without those words, "I am the resurrection and the life!"

A friend who was with me was much shocked at the absence of a Bible in the house. "Why, at home," she said, "our folks are proud to buy the finest Bible to be procured. To be sure, they seldom read it, because they have so many newspapers and books to take up their spare moments; but then, every one is expected to have one lying on the centre table." Ah! my friend, have a Bible and never look into it! You remind me of the idle farmer who has a mine of gold in his farm and he ploughs over it, and reaps over it, and never searches for the treasure. He is no better off than if he did not possess it.

We must have a Bible and read it, and ponder and live by it. It must be the man of our counsel, and the guide of our youth, to know the sweet treasures it contains. How differently people read the same truths! I had for twenty years read and committed to memory a large portion of the Scriptures, as a duty, and yet it was almost a sealed book to my soul, until I read by the lamp which Love lighted there; then every sentence became a gem of priceless worth.

But I must not forget the hymn book—the companion of the Bible, from which we sing over the triumphs the first has won.

I have a little story to tell about the hymn book, if my pen has not already exceeded the proper limit assigned to my corner of this magazine.

One evening, as I sat before a blazing fire in the log-house, with the wind sweeping over the bleak prairie, but the bright moon riding high in the heavens, the "Path-finder" entered. He lived on a large bluff which rose from our valley, called "Big Thunder," a vast solitude, where only wolves uttered their lonely cries in pursuit of their game. His log hut was comfortless, and his family miserable. He was a "renegade;" had been in our army, and deserted in the Mexican war; and, it was said, had perpetrated every crime, and now, living away from justice, among rocks and trees, and old logs lying on the ground, had found a rude shelter. A "path-finder" lays out roads in the forest where only the Indian trail has been seen. It was no wonder that fear was excited in beholding this man, as he glanced from under his shaggy hair, with his fierce eye. He soon began relating to my husband a long account of a campaign across the Great Salt Desert, and the fearful and hair-breadth escapes from the wild beasts and Indians, with which such expeditions are accompanied. Oaths frequently mingled with his descriptions, until I could bear no more, and speaking in a timid voice, I said,—

"Did you not thank God for rescuing you thus?"

"God!" he exclaimed; "Who dares say he had anything to do with it?"

He uttered a scornful laugh, and went on with his story, undisturbed. Soon my husband left the room, and he sat silently looking into the fire. At last, with an effort, he said, in a low voice,—

"That question you asked me, just now, reminded me of old times. How



often have I asked others that question! I was not always what I am. I used to be a Moravian, and go to church, and I had religion. I am a backslider now. Let me see; I know the hymn book, through, and I hain't seen one for twenty years."

Here he commenced singing some of those beautiful words about "Jesus and salvation," that we love to sing. He seemed entranced, and the Spirit took possession of that soul so long accustomed to pour forth blasphemy.

No one spoke. I never beheld such a scene. Hymn after hymn was sung, and the tears glistened in his eyes, "all unused to the melting mood." By and by, with a deep sigh, he stopped. "Ah!" he muttered, "some people are born to be angels, and I believe God makes some for eternal misery."

"No!" I cried, "God willeth not the death of any, but that they turn and live!"

He opened the door, and strode out into the bush. I watched him toiling up the steep ascent, and prayed for the poor sinful soul, as I never prayed before. The next Sabbath that man walked miles through the forest, to find a pastor and a church. His old spirit had revived from the deep sleep of sin, and came again "as a little child." Such lepers Christ can heal. But oh! the blessed hymn book!

"Sing on your ransomed way,  
Ye heirs of glory, sing."

**CONSCIENCE.**—There is a warning conscience and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience cometh before sin; the gnawing conscience followeth after sin. The warning conscience is often lulled asleep, but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there be any hell in this world, those who feel the worm of conscience gnaw upon their hearts may say that they have felt the torments of hell.

## ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

IN my secluded nook, aside  
From the great world's strife and din,  
Alone I tread the weary path of life.  
The soothing voice of friendship seldom comes  
To gladden the drooping heart,  
And scatter sunshine along my lowly way.  
"Night draws her sable curtains round my couch,"  
While gnawing pains and sickness rack the frame;  
No gentle one is by to minister relief,—  
No mother's hand to press the throbbing brow,  
Or cool the fevered pillow;—  
No sister's form to flit around my bed,  
Like angel bright, to charm my pains away,—  
Alone, alone I am.

*No, not alone!*  
For in the darkest night,  
'Mid the raging of the wildest storms,  
When the heart is crushed by cold neglect,  
Or made to bleed from cruel wounds  
By friendship's hand inflicted;  
While the clay tenement is tottering  
Beneath the weight of fell disease,  
And pain is revelling in every bone,  
Till fainting nature sinks,  
Then, then a soothing voice is heard  
Whispering, "Lo! I am with you *always*."  
I will never leave thee, nor forsake  
The child who puts his trust in Me—  
Fear not; 'tis I; be not afraid."  
His hand supports the aching head  
While leaning on his breast;  
The form of the invisible illumines my room  
With a bright halo of joy and peace,  
Scattering gloom and darkness all away—  
O, no! I'm not alone.

## AN OLD ITINERANT'S EXPERIENCE.

HAVING been a travelling preacher of the M. E. church for twenty-four years, and having enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for twenty-one years, I will speak of my experience, that God may be glorified. In studying the Bible, my mind became deeply impressed with the subject of holiness, and especially when quoting passages while preaching. The good Lord blessed me more abundantly while preaching upon that subject than any other; my religious enjoyments greatly increased;

the witness of the Spirit became much more satisfactory, and my doubts much less. The happiest state of mind I ever felt accompanied my reflections on that glorious subject. The theory appeared plain, and the Scriptures seemed to remove every doubt about the certainty that perfect love was God's truth. Yet, with all that joy, which to me was unspeakable and full of glory, there remained no doubt that I was destitute of a pure heart; tempers and desires that were very far from being wholly sanctified I often painfully felt.

It appeared to me that I was at a great distance from that gracious blessing, and that it would take a long time to grow up to the state of preparation necessary to qualify me to be fit to begin to seek for it. Such a confusion of ideas appear almost impossible to one that was so well established in the belief of it. All seemed reasonable, scriptural, and most desirable on the subject, except claiming it by faith for myself. The first living witness that I conversed with on the subject of experimental, entire sanctification, called my attention to the doctrine I preached. I was reminded that it was suitable to my own case. The Holy Spirit poured light upon my mind, showed me all my inconsistent positions, and especially the error of waiting, and that waiting only made the matter worse, as I was by it getting farther off from its attainment. The view was overwhelming. Delightfully surprised, I saw Christ was all and in all; the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. That "He had redeemed us from all sin, that he might purify us unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good-works;" that "The Lord had laid upon him the iniquity of us all;" that "he had borne our sins in his own body on the tree;" and, though I had always loved and believed those passages, now they afforded a flood of light. Such a divine, full, and clear certainty about divine things as I never

had felt, was in my heart. All the mysteriousness about faith was gone, and unbelief appeared so unreasonable I was amazed at myself; felt ashamed and confounded at my past conduct. How could I have been so in the dark when there was so much light! How could I have been so unbelieving when faith was so exceedingly easy and reasonable!

I had been satisfied of my conversion before, but was not better satisfied of that than of having now received perfect love; I could truly say I was abundantly satisfied. The most wonderful and extraordinary revolution took place in my mind. To be "dead indeed to sin, and alive to God through Jesus Christ our Lord," was exceeding plain, most delightful, and as easy as to breathe. To stand by faith, to live the life of faith, was so plain, charming, and easy, I could say surely, how true it is, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God hath prepared for them that love him, but He hath revealed it unto us by his Spirit." But of myself no language appeared more appropriate than Job's: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in the dust and ashes before thee,"—a sinner saved, fully saved, saved to the uttermost "by grace through faith," and "kept by the power of God through faith." I verily ~~believed~~ ~~and~~ realized, "all things are possible to him that believeth."

*Delaware, Ohio, January 20, 1862.*

**HOLD ON.**—Hold on to your tongue when you are about to lie, swear, or speak disrespectfully of a woman. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, except for the right. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, and think twice before you speak or act. Hold on to your heart when evil associations surround you. Hold on to your good name at all times and under all circumstances. Hold on to the faith in God.



## A MOTHER'S FIRST LESSON ON FAITH.

I WANT to write and tell you how sweet, how faithful, I find the precious promises.

When a child, I said to my more than mother, "What is it to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" She said, "Go, and ask God to give you a new heart, and *believe he does it when you ask him.*" "Is that all?" I asked, and added, with joy and enthusiasm, "O, *that is very easy!*" I went to my room, knelt by the bed-side and offered the prayer; and almost always, from that hour to this, I have called myself a Christian. I took the direction she gave as *unquestionable truth*, because *she said so.* Now I know the *reason* why that is the way to be saved; — because God says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Long after this first act of faith, I rested *fully* on the promise — "In time of temptation I will make a way of escape, that ye may be able to *bear it.*" Six years intervened between these two acts of faith. How astonished was I to find again the "*short and easy way*" of deliverance. Can it be, what struggles failed to accomplish has been done by simple faith? Can my Father do this *for me* — make my motives pure — when I have so long struggled against those evil motives, and yet, always found them there? O, I cannot tell you how the old child-like faith came back again, — the feeling that it were possible for *Jesus* to change my motives *entirely!* and as soon as I thought he was able and willing, that moment I trusted him to do it. I felt that "His grace is sufficient," "His strength is made perfect in weakness," meant just what they said. I need never be troubled again — for *Jesus* was the one to do the work in my heart: all I had to do was to *trust.* O, what *rest* — to trust instead of struggle! I felt no change, *only trusted;* and when temptation came, or what *would have been*

*temptation before,* I then found, "He is *faithful that promised;*" and I was not tempted above what I was made able to bear. Strange I had not sooner learned the way to be *saved again,* when I learned it at *first* so easily! My first and second blessings were alike; both received the same and *only possible way,* — by a simple act of trust. But of this experience you can find a full account in the February number of the "Guide" for 1859, under the title of "The Jewel Found."

What I have written of my first blessing illustrates the words, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Could I have trusted as easily a few years after? That way to receive a new heart seems too simple when we outgrow the simplicity of childhood, and we have to learn to be a little child again. The simple direction I received was so adapted to my childish heart, that had never *been* deceived, and always trusted, that I did not have to *learn* to trust; it required no *effort* to believe. I had trusted all my earthly friends, and now trusted the heavenly Friend. Then commenced the struggle with temptation, and the remains of sin, and my wicked motives, and I, who had begun to live by faith, was now going to be made perfect by works. I had no one *then* to tell me as I was told at *first,* but was taught to trust Christ for only *half* the strength and grace I needed, instead of *all.* Though I might have found it in my Bible, I was too blind; but He was faithful that promised, and led the blind in a way she knew not. Is. xlii. 16. After six years' wandering in that way where we are constantly "*laying again the foundation* of repentance and of faith," I was led into the way where we live the *life* of faith. Then it was faith for *everything;* not in the one promise alone, that He would receive those that came, but faith in *all* the "*exceeding great and precious promises.*"

Then I was too ignorant to know what was duty; but the Lord said, "If any man

lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him." Here, then, is all the condition he requires, the *only one*. O, how my heart rejoices, that I can get wisdom *so easily!* Every time I trusted that promise fully it was fulfilled. It never failed. I could tell so many instances when my brain was so distracted with various suggestions, and that promise would come so *sweetly* comforting, and bring such perfect calm, as I would throw myself on its broad, safe ground, with the kind of trust required — the "*nothing wavering*" trust — no half belief I should receive and half fear I should not — but *unwavering confidence*; and O, the condescending goodness and mercy — the astonishing kindness He manifests to those that put their trust in Him.

### THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*Must have it?*

Certainly, you must. How can you, how dare you, live and breathe without it, — without a free and full salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit? How can you read, write, pray, testify, open your lips at all, without this special, overflowing grace? How can you rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, as God commands, give thanks always, be careful for nothing, glorify your heavenly Father in every relation of life, without this tongue of fire?

*Must have it?* Unquestionably, brother. Why hesitate a single moment? — you do it at your peril. God commands you to present your body, a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto him, which is your reasonable service; "to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding; to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" — to be filled with the Spirit. It is your duty, your privilege to obey God, have respect unto *all* his commandments, especially touching a holy, consecrated life. It is as much your duty to put on the

whole armor of God, to be wholly and unreservedly given up to his service, as it is for any sinner to repent, by turning from his great wickedness and open rebellion against the Most High. How can you, with any degree of consistency, warn impenitent sinners to turn from their wicked ways, and flee the wrath to come, while you are living in open disobedience to a plain and positive precept? "*Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" The command to be holy *now*, to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, is just as plain and positive as the command to repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Beloved, it is not optional whether you will, or will not, obey God in this holy, consecrated life; you are solemnly *bound* to do it, as a matter of positive requisition. The voice is louder than SEVEN THUNDERS from high heaven: "*wash you, make you clean.*"

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Your usefulness, your happiness, your safety, your eternal life depend on this obedience. It is God that speaks, not man. Moreover, there are no lions in the way, no giants sons of Anak; the pathway is open, the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Touching this baptismal fire, the promises are ample. The Spirit is given to profit with all. The Spirit and the bride say Come, and whosoever will, let him come. Brother, sister, will you have it? will you accept this offered mercy — this purchased salvation from all sin? Will you comply with the conditions? — lay all upon the altar, give up all for Christ, bring all the tithes into the store-house, take God at his word? Will you do it? will you do it *now*? Will you?

"Never be ashamed of Jesus —  
'Glory ever in his cross,'

Count it most exalted honor  
To advance his blessed cause;  
Hallowed honors, untold blessings  
Cluster round the Saviour's cross!"



### IMPORTUNITY TO BE TEMPERED WITH SUBMISSION.

ONE by one, we learn to give up the things we most desire to the disposition of our heavenly Father. Our requests pass into expressions of acquiescence and adoring joy in the doings of God. We find that his will is guided by a higher wisdom than our wishes. We, therefore, give up the passionate urging of what seems best to us, and endeavor to rest and rejoice in what seems best to him.

Who of us cannot remember instances in which our prayers have been granted, where we would gladly go back to the point where they were offered, and absolutely commit all to God?

A young man belonging to a family of high position in society and in the church not long ago apostatized to Popery. His parents mourned over his fall with a sorrow which refused to be comforted. In the midst of their distress, the father said to a Christian friend, "When — was an infant, he was sick nigh unto death. His life was despaired of. His mother and I entreated the Lord, with many tears, to spare his life. He spared it. Oh, that God had mercifully denied our request! Oh, that my child had died in infancy! How much bitterer the tears we now shed over his apostasy than those we should then have shed over his death!"

The father then cited the case of Hezekiah, who never, as far as recorded, fell into sin till within those "fifteen years" which were added to his life in consequence of the "prayer" and "tears" with which he deprecated the approach of death.

All this may, it is true, be carried too far. Faith is not mere quiescence. God permits great freedom to our desires, great importunity to our petitions. To ask, to seek, to knock, to make our requests known unto God, to pour out our hearts before him, are all permitted, commanded

even, and imply great liberty both as to the subjects of prayer and the earnestness with which they may be pressed. "Importunity" is even commended by example. Holy men, "whose faith" we are commanded to "follow," have sometimes carried it to a wonderful extent. We need not fear that our good Father will give us a stone when we ask him for bread, or a scorpion for an egg.

But it is at all times right and reverent, it is wise and safe, in our most earnest pleas for the accomplishment of our desires, to re-commit all to the sovereign determination and disposition of God. It well becomes a short-sighted creature, a sinner whose perceptions and affections are all disordered and perverted by the fall, thus to appeal from himself to the only-wise God.

We have an example of this state of mind in its most perfect and sublime form in the prayer in Gethsemane, — "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." The last words in that memorable scene of prayer were these, — "Thy will be done." (Matt. xxvi.) — *Tract Jour.*

NEARLY HOME. — "Almost well, and nearly home," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend.

A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered:

"Never better; for now I know that I am almost home."

Then, looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burned, he said:

"Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house."

"Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work; home, home!"

Another, on his death-bed, said:

"I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I have a good home to go to."

## LETTER TO ISAAC ON CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

*Spiritual Presence.* The views presented in a former letter in relation to silent spiritual influences suggest to my mind some thoughts on the subject of *spiritual presence* when persons are separated bodily. Our Lord says to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway." And Paul speaks of being absent in body, yet present in spirit. See 1 Cor. v. 3, 4, 5. I understood how this may be in the case of our Lord, who is a universal Spirit, but in reference to Paul's experience, I have often asked *How is this?* How was he present and absent at the same time? A thought just now presents itself to my mind, explanatory, to some extent, of spiritual presence, when we are separated from each other bodily, which I will suggest for your consideration. This thought involves the doctrine of divine influx, which has its correspondence in the spiritual atmosphere or radiance surrounding a holy person, to which allusions are sometimes made by writers.

For instance, around the head of Christ, as we see represented in drawings of him, are emanations or circles of light, capable of division and extension, and increase of the holy essence or nature of Christ, forming a part of his spiritual body. A portion of these rays or emanations may be thrown off at a great distance by the will-power of man; while a suitable portion is retained, sufficient to substantiate our being within ourselves. The rays of the sun are everywhere diffused; and yet the sun remains, a body of light and heat. So of our spiritual sun, Christ our Lord, "the light of the world." And so of those who represent him in their measure and degree, being fashioned in his likeness.

Thus we perceive how it is possible

that spirit may meet spirit; how a holy thought or emotion may travel, and yet remain at home; how a spiritual, holy person may meet another spiritual, holy person, when far separated bodily.

The thief on the cross said, "Lord, remember me." Happy, thrice happy and blessed is he who so dwells in God as to feel the scintillations of his divine being, the effusion of his divine spirit, passing into his own being, and so filling and overpowering his soul as to have something to impart from this inexhaustible treasury to other beings. Thus the life received from God, outflowing from the soul's centre, may become an outward spiritual glory, and may be diffused by his children from soul to soul.

Influx, in divine order, goes out, and becomes efflux, as in the case of Christ, who breathed on his disciples, and they received the Holy Ghost. This subject, however, is in part a mystery, which we may hope to understand more fully in the future progress of the church.

*The Spiritual Body.* "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." You will be surprised to receive from me any conception of the spiritual body, so long have we been accustomed to regard the soul of man as a floating vapor, or less tangible,—something having neither form nor symmetry. At the risk of being considered somewhat fanciful and speculative, I will venture the assertion that the natural body is the outgrowth of the spiritual, and both together form one outline and texture, being closely interwoven in the most minute parts, and acting reciprocally and cordially, the one upon the other. The inner or spiritual body being of more delicate texture than the natural body, it is easily overpowered, and clogged in its operations. Hence the necessity of subjecting the flesh or outer man to the control of the inner or spiritual man. Christ subjected the natural man to the spiritual; the human to the divine nature. He ate and



drank, not to pamper the flesh or external man, to the injury of the higher interior nature. By an observance of the laws of our being, and partaking of such quantity and quality of food as will best subserve the health of man, spiritually and physically, the regenerate man will advance from one stage of progress to another, until, ultimately, God's purifying breath will extend over the whole man.

*Relations of Man and Woman.* Allow me to express to you some thoughts not inappropriate, I trust, to the subject of this letter, regarding the relations of man and woman.

Every one who studies the analogies of nature must have observed that the creations of God everywhere unfold two principles, which, though distinct, still harmonize, namely, the positive and the negative or receptive; in other words, the male and the female. These principles are not more two than they are one. They become one from their own inherent life, and from their mutual adaptation, each to meet the wants of the other. "Neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord." In Christ, woman is restored to equal rights and privileges with man. The moral law, and its unfoldings by Christ, make no distinction between man and woman. Woman is alike responsible to God as man. It is through woman, the Christ-nature, which is love, can most effectively or readily operate, woman possessing, by creation, the love-element or power of God, in a greater capacity of fulness than man. Elevate woman to her true position, to co-equality with man, and how greatly is the world blessed through her influence, through her power,—not arbitrary power, but persuasive power; a power incidental to her nature, as God has created her, a love-controlling agency. Thus man is blessed through woman, an help-meet for him from her primeval creation. If the completeness of man may be resolved into any

one principle, it is the principle of love. And who will deny to woman the right of equality, at least, in this fundamental principle of man's renewed and sanctified nature?

*New Era.* We are witnessing at the present time, as it seems to me, the dawning of a new era. And we may call it, perhaps, the new spiritual era; or, farther unfolding and ripening of man's spiritual nature, whereby he is *sensible* of being allied to spiritual existences. It is on account of this development of man's internal, spiritual nature, that we witness such a rush of spirit manifestations at the present day. The influences, from above and beneath, which have always been operating, to a greater or less extent, are now more clearly perceived. As man is developed in his spiritual, or higher nature, he rises higher, or sinks lower in his moral nature.

Like seeks like. According to man's internal state and choice, are his companions and helpers. How sad is the state of those who yield up their consciousness, their sacred, individual powers of thought and action, which God has given them, as their birthright, to be used by perverse minds! Is not this a perversion of the orderly development of man's spiritual nature? In Christ, who is our perfect model, there was no suspension of normal consciousness, or of the natural operations of the mind. And as appears from the sacred writers, the divine word through them proceeds naturally, by the conscious operations of their own powers of thought and perception, and in the use of their customary language.

There is a power or element in nature, which we call animal magnetism, exhaled from earthly particles; a subtile fluid which enters the system by the numerous pores on the surface of the body, through which evil spirits, who are in association with man, operate in connection with man, on material substances. Thus the ancient sorcerers operated. This differs widely

from that divine influx, or power, or spiritual electricity, which proceeds from God.

The mutual relations and dependencies of mind upon mind, in the body, and out of the body, are but little understood. No man is isolated or separated from other minds or spirits. Like the air we breathe, spirit thought is every where. The spirit world is all around us. And those whose spiritual eyes are opened, as were the Prophet Elijah's, at one time, and John of the Apocalypse, see the spirit world really, as well as feel its influence. There is in reality an inner circle, a world of thought and spirit action, as truly as an external world, visible to the outward man. How important it is to weigh well operating influences, not only external and apparent, as from man to man, but also, all those thoughts and suggestions, which move us to action, and especially when we are placed in peculiar circumstances, or are under the influence of some strong, perhaps, selfish desire, strengthened by an evil, attendant spirit! Among the last words of Christ to his disciples are these: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Never were these words more important than at the present time.

If it be true, that man is now being farther developed in his spiritual nature, and consequently coming more in contact with the vast world of spiritual existences, acting with and being acted upon by them, it will follow, as a result, that good and evil will become more positive, less disguised, and thus the separation of good from evil will be more readily effected. Selfishness, or sin, seems now to be working itself out in every human heart. "Hidden things are brought to light." The man of God is now more open in exposing and condemning sin. And this exposure of sin will increase more and more, until all evil is destroyed. "Now," says Christ, "is the judgment of this world." The words of Christ, uttered in the power of the spirit, will prove the sharp sword that slays the wicked. The day of judgment has

a long extension, and is not limited by a rising and a setting sun. It will end only when all sin is destroyed. The judgments which now are, and have been, will continue to be, until sin is removed from God's universe of being. All iniquity is doomed to death,—death everlasting. Sin is punishing itself in every cycle of the world's history. The "plagues of Egypt" bear a close analogy to the "vials of wrath," which John saw poured out. These "judgments" are the evils, which men bring upon themselves, in consequence of sin. John, having a clearer conception, and nearer views of the final results of sin, is more bold, picturesque and denunciatory. The great work to be done in every human heart is to destroy the Babel of Self. Here is found "the mother of all the abominations of the earth."

I must now close. The subject of my letter is a vast one, and reaches far into the original structure of man, or into his new creation in Christ Jesus. It can only be comprehended experimentally. I think we shall find the main thoughts here presented substantiated by the written word. If otherwise, let them be at once rejected.

In the farther development of man's interior spiritual being, may we not hope that we see the dawning of the "seventh prophetic day,"—the sabbath-day rest of the soul, when that life, which is evil, and estranged from God, shall be "bound with everlasting chains"?

The church has been living in the outer court of the temple. And if now invited to come into the "holy of holies," where she will see the glory of the Lord reflected from her own interior being, let her not delay to come.

Blessed is he that overcometh. His heart shall be the temple of the living God, and he shall feast on his love forever and ever. While he is made partaker of the sufferings of Christ, in behalf of fallen humanity, he will also be made partaker of the joy of Christ, in union with the Father.



## GOD FOREVER LIVING.

God liveth ever!  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!  
Our God is good; in every place  
His love is known, his help is found;  
His mighty arm and tender grace  
Bring good from ills that hem us round.  
Easier than we think can be  
Turn to joy our agony;  
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!  
Scarcely canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly  
To him where only rest is sweet;  
Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,  
His strength upholds the tottering feet.  
Trust him, for his grace is sure;  
Ever doth his truth endure;  
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!  
O, my soul, despair thou never!  
When sins and follies, long forgot,  
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,  
O! come to God, and fear him not;  
His love shall sweep them all away.  
Pains of hell, at look of his,  
Change to calm, content and bliss.  
Soul, forget not, in thy pain,  
God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!  
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,  
Who stand bewildered with their woe,  
God gently to his bosom takes,  
And bids them all his fulness know.  
In thy sorrows' swelling flood  
Own his hand who seeks thy good.  
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!  
Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,  
Sink to the chaos whence they came;  
Let angry foes against us rage,  
Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;  
Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts;  
God defends who in him trusts;  
Soul, remember, in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!  
What though thou tread with bleeding feet  
A thorny path of grief and gloom,

Thy God will choose the way most meet  
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.  
For this life's long night of sadness  
He will give thee peace and gladness.  
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

— *Lyra Germanica.*

## "THE BIBLE IN MY TRUNK."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers will find it no easy task to persuade their pupils that a firm adherence to principle is consistent with modesty and deference to others. To do what we honestly believe to be *right*, under the circumstances in which we are placed, is the obvious path of duty and safety. "The fear of man bringeth a snare." No one knows what use a wise Providence may make of a very trivial incident, and hence it is never safe to omit what an enlightened conscience prompts us to do.

A few evenings ago I was present at a tea-table where the conversation turned upon praying "before folks;" some of the party contending that where two travellers chanced to lodge in the same room for a night it would look pharisaical for one or the other to kneel down and "say his prayers" in the presence of the other; while the other party defended the propriety of it, and asserted it to be a duty. As an illustration, an incident was related where the two members of the Church — at home good enough men in their neighbors' esteem — both got into bed prayerless, for fear of praying before the others' eyes. This conversation, which was very interesting, and in the course of which many striking illustrations were brought up to prove the healthy example of never neglecting prayer, led a minister present to relate the following anecdote, which we think worthy of preservation; and perhaps it may do some good: —

"When I was a young man," said the minister, "I was a clerk in Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding house were also clerks, about my own age, which

was eighteen. The first Sabbath morning, during the three or four long hours that elapsed for getting up, to bell-ringing for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible, which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it. But I was afraid to do so before my room-mates, who were reading some miscellaneous books. At length my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look like oversanctity and pharisaical; so I shut my trunk and returned to the window. For twenty minutes I was miserably ill at ease, I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk, and had my hand upon the little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again dropped the top of the trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my two room-mates, who observed my irresolute movements, said, laughingly:—

“‘I say,—, what’s the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock!’

“I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told them both what was the matter.

“To my surprise and delight, they both averred that they had Bibles in their trunks, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were *afraid* to take them out, lest I should laugh at them.

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘let us agree to read them every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh all at one side.’

“To this there was a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were out; and I assure you we all felt happier all that day for reading in them that morning.

“The following Sabbath, about ten o’clock, while we were each reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stared, and then exclaimed:—

“‘What is all this? A conventicle?’

“In reply, I related to them exactly how the matter stood: my struggle to get my Bible from the trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath.

“‘Not a bad idea,’ answered one of them. ‘You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible, too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Boston! But I’ll read it after this, since you have broken the ice.’

“The other then asked one of us to read aloud, and both sat and quietly listened till the bell rang for church.

“That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night, by one or the other of us, at nine o’clock; and we religiously adhered to our purpose. A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking when the nine o’clock bell rang. One of my room-mates, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

“‘We’ll all stay and listen,’ they said, almost unanimously.

“The result was, that, without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading in the Bible, and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character. I relate this incident,” concluded the minister, “to show what influence one person, even a youth, may exert for evil or good. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were all called the ‘Bible clerks!’ All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is laboring in the ministry.”

— *Bible Class Magazine.*

Integrity and uprightness will preserve us, and will clear themselves as the light of the morning.



## NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

Purchased Inheritance. — Mansion Daguerreotyped. — "Sweet Mary," gem in the crown of Jesus. — Jesus *all in all*. — Madely. — Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. — Our lady hostess. — When converted. — Mrs. Fletcher and the barn. — Concourse and lamentations at her funeral. — Remarkable token of the estimation in which she was held in Madely. — Visit to the Parish Church. — Vicarage. — Mr. Fletcher's desk. — Chamber where he died. — Valued relics. — Mrs. Fletcher's cap, band, and hood.

MADELY, Jan. 16, 1862.

DARLING SISTER: — Yours of December 31 reached us this morning; so you can know just how long it takes a letter to wing its way over the sea.

But how rapid are the approaches to that land where there is no more sea. In our blessed service last evening we sung,—

"And when to that blessed world I rise,  
And claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then this shall be my plea,  
Jesus hath loved and died for me."

The words never seemed so wondrously, joyously sweet. Think of a mansion made ours by the right of *inheritance*! purchased at an infinite price, in that world where death cannot enter, and partings are unknown. Did I tell you of the glorious view I had of my mansion several months ago?

I had just been saying to a beloved father in Israel,— Father Gates,— "Good-night; I expect to visit you in your heavenly mansion, high on the eternal hills!" I turned away, and ascended the flight of stairs leading to our room, when suddenly the slight veil separating the terrestrial from the celestial was drawn aside, and there, "high on the eternal hills," I beheld the mansion purchased for me by the blood of Jesus. I cannot describe it. Paul said he saw things unutterable, and this is not the first time that the veil of mortality has been partially removed, and such a glimpse of God and glory has been revealed as could not be uttered in human language. But you will not wonder when I tell you

that the view I then received of the mansion which I soon expect to enter, and through Jesus claim eternally my own, has since been an ever-present realization. It seems so *daguerreotyped* on my heart that the words of our precious Forerunner, "I go to prepare a place for you," possess a vitality beyond what they ever did before. How truly may we sing,—

"There is my house and portion fair;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my eternal home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come."

Did I tell you in my last of a precious little book which we have just given to the world? It is an account of a lovely spiritual child who within the past year has entered the heavens. The book is beautifully got up, and entitled, "*Sweet Mary*." Thus far it has had a rapid sale; over a thousand were called for in three days after its issue. Sweet Mary used to say, when in health, "I shall be a star in your crown." But before her departure, Jesus revealed himself so fully to her as her *all in all*, that she seemed to lose sight of the mere channel through which grace had been communicated, and, only looking to the great Source, exclaimed, again and again, "I am going to be a gem in the crown of Jesus!" "*It is all praise to Jesus!*" was her oft-repeated expression in her letters to me, as she drew near the close of her short career, and now it stands as the motto on the title-page, — "It is all praise to Jesus."

And thus, doubtless, will it be with us all, as we lose ourselves more fully in God. While we dearly love the channel through which grace is communicated, the vision of the mind will be filled with Jesus. "'Tis Jesus, the first and the last, whose spirit shall guide us safe through."

"We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come."

Nothing can express the feelings of the present more fully than the prayers of the poet, —

“ O, could I lose myself in thee,  
The depth of mercy prove,  
Thou vast unfathomable sea  
Of everlasting love! ”

You will observe by our address that we are now at *Madely*. The name of the place will awaken feelings of no common interest. Here the holy Fletcher served his generation according to the will of God, during the most of the period of his ministry, and it was here, also, he brought that mother in Israel, of whom, before his marriage, he said to a friend, “ He was going to marry a wife; not so much a wife for himself, as a mother for his people.”

And such she proved to be, in an extraordinary way, for many long years after he had passed over the boundaries of time. Seldom, I presume, has there been a more striking verification of the passage, “ The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance,” than in the manner in which the memory of the sainted Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher is regarded in this community. The piety of the place seems permeated with the sweet perfume of their self-sacrificing labors.

Their godly example, and incidents occurring during the period of their ministry, are in lively remembrance and on many lips, as if it were but a dozen years since they passed away, instead of its being over half a century. Some are still living who were Mr. Fletcher's parishioners. I conversed with an aged veteran of the cross in the chapel vestry night before last, who in his younger days sat under the ministry of the sainted Fletcher. But there are many who personally knew Mrs. Fletcher. Our lady hostess used to attend her meetings, and experienced religion in the room adjoining the vicarage, which had been many

years a barn, but was fitted up for divine worship.

It was here that the excellent Mrs. Fletcher so long exercised her ministry. The Wesleyans and the members of the church of England were one body in those days of Fletcher, and in respect and love to Mrs. Fletcher, continued to be so during the thirty years which succeeded Mr. Fletcher's death. We have all read the touching particulars that Mrs. Fletcher gives of the funeral obsequies of her lamented husband, but the circumstances of her own death and burial were no less affecting, and seem to have attracted quite as much, if not more, public attention.

Our venerable hostess and others have given us some description of the scene. Says one, “ Her usefulness was far beyond any calculation. How great a number, under God, owe their conversion to her, can never be known till the day of eternity.”

During the week she lay unburied, and thousands came from many parts to take a last look at her dear remains; and many, while gazing with streaming tears, mentioned many words which had been spoken by her. She was buried from the *Madely* parish church.

Perhaps there are few things that will suggest the estimation in which she was held by the *Madely* community more fully than to say, that during the thirty years she survived Mr. Fletcher, she retained the use of the Parish Vicarage; and the choice of the vicar, who should fill her husband's place, was submitted to her.

And now I must hasten to close this part of my letter, leaving the particulars of our visit to the parish church, and also the house in which they lived, and other interesting reminiscences, for a future communication. But will you not be interested when I tell you that I have written on the veritable desk on which Fletcher wrote; been in the chamber



from whence those gusts of praise ascended, just before his spirit was caught up to the skies; have walked the corridor through which his parishioners walked, as they took the last gaze of their expiring pastor; looked out of the window at which the sad, new-made widow looked, when she saw grave-diggers preparing the place for the remains of her beloved; and have also received several much-valued relics of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, such as a book from Mr. Fletcher's library, with tracings of his pen; a cap and band, worn by Mrs. Fletcher, also a hood worn by her, such as you see in her picture, and a lock of her hair, &c.? — all of which our dear ones at home, will, I am sure, take much pleasure in seeing. The present vicar of Madely is a man of similar stamp to his predecessor of a century since.

Had Dr. P. and myself been his own brother and sister from America, he could scarcely have manifested more affectionate assiduity in pointing out everything with which he thought we might be interested in and about the church and vicarage.

We were surprised to find he had read "Way of Holiness," "Faith and its Effects," "Promise of the Father," &c. He has since called on us, and I imagine that could the vicar of a century since again have been with us, he could hardly have poured out more earnest and fervent benedictions on us and our labors. And now, last, though not least, I must tell of our work for Jesus in this place. Very remarkable, indeed, have been the manifestations of God's saving power.

Said a local preacher, while pouring out his soul in the prayer meeting on Sabbath evening, "Lord, we have long been praying for a revival in Madely, but we have not thought of such a revival as this. Thou hast given us above all we could ask and think." You will wonder at the stupendous mercy of God, and will, I am sure, give all the glory to

the Captain of Israel's hosts, when I tell you that, during the past two weeks since we commenced our labors in the Madely and Madely Wood chapels, hundreds have sought and obtained salvation. We have heard the prayer again and again presented, that every house and every heart in Madely and the regions round about may receive a special visitation. The prayer has been presented in *faith*, and doubtless stands recorded in the name of Jesus. We dare not doubt but it is being answered; the results seem to warrant the conclusion. Madely is a town of but a few thousand inhabitants. Every night the chapel is densely filled, and I do not doubt many are unable to get in, as it is crowded before the time of service.

We know, and the secretaries also tell us, that they have not been able to get all the names of those who, as seekers, have crowded the altar of prayer night after night; but thus far the names of five hundred and fifty-eight have been recorded. Surely, God is fulfilling his promise yet more and more gloriously, given to us when we first landed on these shores. "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

People are coming to the services from many miles around. Some are here from Banbury, others have been here from Birmingham. Last evening I was conversing with a lady who, with tears and sighs, was pleading for mercy; while pointing her to the Lamb of God, she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I was much interested in her, and as she left, I asked where she lived; saying, I would like to name and have your residence that I may bear you on my heart as a precious memorial before God, when far away in my native land.

She gave me those items, and I found she had come seven miles. It is common for persons to come in companies from two to three and five miles.

Ever your attached Sister,  
PHEBE PALMER.

## THE CONTENTED CRIPPLE.

"I SAW in Killis," says Dr. Dwight, "a poor cripple, who had been brought there lately from a place in the Taurus Mountains, and who was rejoicing in the hope of the gospel. The hovel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was built of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and a single, low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing under him but a piece of coarse hair bagging, and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags and filth, and his bodily infirmities excited our deepest pity. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms, and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity, that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until we left it, he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man. For *twenty years* he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs; and before that he was a robber, and lived by his own wickedness.

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he first heard of the Protestants. Afterward, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the gospel way of salvation; and two years ago he thinks he received by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy.

"Many a king and emperor might well

envy him his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace. I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven. 'Yes,' said he, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in anything else but Christ, but through him I have peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. I asked particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. Said he: 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life. Even if he were to collect a heap of silver as high as from earth to heaven it would all avail nothing.'

"O, what power there is in the Gospel of Christ to enlighten and transform so dark a mind, and to put hope, and life, and peace, into such a soul! A few years ago he was an ignorant, degraded, hardened, and abandoned wretch. And now, if anybody were to look into his hovel, and see him drawn up and withered by disease, and often racked with pain, lying neglected upon the hard ground, he would feel that he was the most miserable of all human beings. And yet there are few happier men in this wide world."—*Methodist New Connection Magazine.*

"O, I wish I were a Christian!" says one, and yet obey God he will not. This is all one, as desiring that he might both obey and disobey God at the same time. If any one would be a Christian, he has only to give up his own will, and let his Maker direct his course.



## TUESDAY MEETING.

54 RIVINGTON STREET.

ASSEMBLED, as usual, in this peaceful spot, which a minister, the week before, called the pool of Bethesda. Rev. Mr. Elliot opened the meeting. Several short portions of Scripture he read; singing and prayer followed; and then Mr. E. related his own sweet, clear experience, in which he contrasted his present spiritual state with his past experience; his present certainty in the service of God, in the deep consciousness that he was led by the Holy Spirit. He had truly enjoyed more in the past three weeks than in all his previous Christian life.

A diffident, exemplary sister poured forth her sweet effusions of holy confidence and happiness. She now rejoices in being recognized *every where* as a child of God, and loves him with all her heart. She used to think, as she did not profess much, people would not expect much from her; but now she glories in her responsibility, all through grace.

Another said, "At a camp meeting, some years ago, in the closing love-feast, I heard a presiding elder caution the people about making a *loud* profession. Our good old sister Harper rose, and, with thrilling power, exclaimed, —

"O for a trumpet voice!  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him who died for all."

"I have made a loud profession for many years. I long to stand on some mountain top, and proclaim Jesus as my precious Saviour.

"Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That heaven and earth might hear."

"I like to stand committed before the world. I love the precious Bible. For two days past my soul has been sweetly feeding on a part of the 36th Ps, 7-9: 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men

put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with Thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.'"

Another good sister rose, with a beaming countenance, and said that psalm had lately been a great blessing to her. She was desiring to write to her husband, who is away at the war, and knew not what to say, as he is irreligious, and he thought she was always writing religion to him. But she thought she would look into the Bible, and see how that would guide her. She opened to the 36th psalm, and was greatly helped. She said, "Yes, Lord, thou wilt help me." To her great encouragement, her husband wrote back most kindly, and said her Bible had a heart. She indulges strong faith that her husband will yet be converted.

It was indeed a season when the overshadowing of the Most High was sensibly felt. A minister, who is habitual in his attendance, alluded to the meeting for holiness, held at the same hour, in Philadelphia. He said, a few years ago, a sister, who was usually present, being hindered by illness, wrote a note, in which she gave her testimony to the loving kindness of the Lord. Her sense of security was expressed somewhat on this wise: "Lay a kernel of wheat in the palm of the hand, and close the fingers tightly upon it, and let the whole be enclosed by another and yet another hand. So," said she, "am I hid in the Almighty hand."

Many rose for prayer; and some, we know, believed and entered into rest.

We can hardly select one meeting in the month as more precious and useful than the other. Strangers and citizens find it a place of strength and blessing, — so many have told us. The one concentrated thought and desire to be holy and

\* "He who controls the fountain will supply the stream."

pure, seems to fill all minds, and stray subjects do not find much place at these seasons.

### THE TESTIMONY OF AN INVALID.

I HAVE enjoyed much of the divine presence since I saw you,—more than ever before,—such deep teachings, and opening of the word of God, and application of its truths, as I cannot describe.

I have realized the office of the Holy Spirit, not only to lead into all truth, but to show us things to come, according to the words of Jesus: "I have told you these things before they come to pass, that when they come to pass ye might believe them." These instructions have been just when I have needed them, accompanied with such a powerful sense of God's presence that it was truly awful as well as glorious.

My mind is so absorbed with God, and his communications, that I can hardly bear to occupy myself, in any measure, with earthly things. As I have not had the privilege of hearing much preaching for years, God gives me a text; and then explains, enlarges, and enforces it. Last Sabbath it was, "Whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother, sister, and mother." How I felt this all day! The Tuesday meeting in the "Guide," is delightful. I can almost fancy myself there, hearing the testimonies, especially on rainy days. Give in mine in favor of the blessed Jesus who loves me to the uttermost. It is a place I always longed to visit; but I shall join in the company around the throne, who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. And methinks I will not then be unacquainted with those who have in that meeting testified to the full salvation purchased by the blood of Christ.

Tell them I will stand in my lot, which is, to do the work which God gives me to do each day just where I am, without a thought

of going any where else, even to a neighbor's house. I still have my little scholars at my bed-side. God not only strengthens me, but is my strength.

Yours, in Christ,

E. H.

### HE STIRRED MY NEST.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him," &c. — Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

CALMLY reposing in my downy nest,  
I had forgotten earth is not my rest,—  
Until, *disturbed*, I saw a gracious hand  
Point upward to a brighter, happier land.

*He stirred my nest*,—then, fluttering o'er my head,

I saw His radiant wings benignly spread,—  
To bear me up from earthly scenes on high,  
To purer regions and a cloudless sky.

'Twas hard to find *no foothold 'neath the sun*,  
But soon I found *my life of bliss begun!*  
A world of unseen joys, untold delight,  
Revealed its glories to my raptured sight!

*My broken nest forsaken*,—on those wings  
Upborne, my spirit mounts, and sweetly sings;  
Victorious over all her foes she soars,  
And glorious unknown realms of light explores!

I had slept on, nor ever felt or known  
The perfect bliss of loving God alone,—  
Of being borne upon His wings on high,  
*Had He not taught me thus to rise and fly.*

Had not my *nest been stirred*, and sorrows deep,  
And grief and pain disturbed my carnal sleep,—  
I had not known this pure, heart-felt delight,  
*'Twas love, unbounded love, that forced my flight!*

O, now a wide expanse, boundless, sublime,  
Stretches before my sight, and earth and time  
Seem but a point, a bubble on the stream,—  
While on my soul celestial glories beam!

O'erwhelmed with wondering joy, and filled  
with praise,  
I now exult in grateful, ceaseless lays  
To Him whose love amazing stooped to me,  
*And stirred my nest, and set my spirit free.*

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.  
—Young.